



AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)  
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

## THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

### A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—(continued.)

MY affliction was severe, and deep—it was embittered by reflecting on the obduracy which had prevented my performing towards her the duties of a child—every instance of her past kindness and attention recurred to my memory; and I doubted not but that her sympathy for my situation had accelerated the progress of disease.—“Ah! why,” cried I, “was I not present to cheer the hours of sickness, to sooth the languor of disease, to attend thy last moments, receive thy parting breath?” My husband was my consolation and support—he instructed me to look beyond this sublunary world—he proved to me the impropriety of indulging useless sorrow—he animated me by his example, while he convinced me by his arguments.—Alas! what language can speak his worth? His was that rare combination of excellence so often sought, so rarely to be found; he was religious, without severity—charitable, without ostentation—ah! not only in the simple and insufficient charity of alms-giving, but that bright emanation of the divinity, that tenderness towards the failings of others, which never allowed him to judge with severity, either of their actions or motives. He was long in coming to a resolution upon any subject of moment; but once fixed, his determination was unalterable.—He was indeed, my child, an ornament to his pro-

fession, and to human nature; yet so it is in the world, this man was overlooked by those who had the power of promoting him, while multitudes of his inferiors were exalted to affluence, dignity, and preferment! Mr. Walsingham repined not; the religion he professed taught him to consider this world but as a state of trial—a passage to futurity—a long and painful pilgrimage, to a delightful and beautiful country; his whole life was a preparation for death; and his death the prelude to a happy eternity! The two eldest of our children were seized with a malignant fever, which increased to such an alarming degree, that it was soon impossible to hope they might be spared us. They were taken to a better world; and I beheld them carried to the silent tomb, with emotions which only the heart of a fond mother can conceive; yet, in this hour of bitterness, did those beautiful words break from my lips:

“Sorrow scarce knew, before they knew to sin,  
A death which sin and sorrow does prevent,  
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.”

I determined, once more, to attempt moving the obdurate heart of my father; I flattered myself the sorrows I had endured, the death of my mother, and the solemnity of my present appearance, would speak in my behalf; I took you, my beloved Clara, in my arms, and walked to his house; the servant, at first, refused me admittance—but I was importunate, and would be heard; after much difficulty he suffered me to go into the parlour; there sat my cruel parent.—“Friend Mary,” said he, as soon as he knew me, “get thee hence—sorrow should be written on thy countenance—impressed on thy heart; thy outward adornments, signifying nothing; thy black raiment and thy costly attire, bespeak thee a child of vanity: this thou wilt

soon find vexation of spirit—begone!”—“O my father!”—cried I, falling at his feet, “let the remembrance of thy wife—my sainted mother, plead for me; does not nature speak to thy heart, and shall not her voice be heard—am I not thine only child?”—“Art thou not the helpmate of Walsingham? Go into the stripping-room, cast off thine outward adornments of brodered apparel—get thee hence—Child of Folly—Daughter of Vanity—Heir of Sin!”—“Here,” exclaimed I, “will I kneel—here will I cling, until I obtain your forgiveness!” He turned short upon me, saying, “Art thou repentant?—Wilt thou forsake thine heresy?—Wilt thou quit thine husband?”—“O my father, only my God, and Walsingham, do I prefer to thee! and is it not written in the Book of Sacred Writ, “those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder?” Violently irritated at this reply, he now broke from my grasp, and quitted the apartment. I pressed thee, my Clara, to my bosom—tears streamed in torrents down my cheeks—disappointment saddened my heart, and I departed. Your father met me at the door; I informed him of the reception I had met with; he soothed my grief with the voice of consolation. “You shall not,” said he, “again be exposed to such cruel treatment; my Mary, we are acquitted to God, and to our own hearts; are we not content—can riches add to our felicity?” I pressed his hand to my lips in speechless rapture—we returned home. Misfortune had not yet ceased to persecute me—no; her quiver was still filled with envenomed shafts, which, one by one, were directed towards my repose—only of all the happy family circle by which I was once surrounded, is my Clara left me. The same evening Walsingham complained of in-

## CHAP. XXIV.

disposition; he was burning hot; and, ere morning, I became too fatally convinced that he had taken the fever in which my poor babes had died. I sat by his bed-side, in almost indescribable anguish; I prayed earnestly to the Almighty to spare him to me.—Alas! I was unworthy so great a blessing; his skin was parched up with fever; his beloved voice uttered nothing but delirium; and, when a small ray of reason illumined the cheerless scene, it was spent in prayer.

The good Mr. Nelson, in one of his lucid intervals, conversed with him for a considerable time; after which, he awoke with a conviction, that his existence would soon terminate.—“My beloved Mary!” said the best of men, “I fear not death; the thoughts of our separation, and the straitened circumstances in which I leave you, is far more appalling; yet my friend here,” continued he pointing to Nelson, “will protect you—the Almighty will not forsake those who trust in him—let this be your hope—he is a father to the fatherless,” tears prevented any reply on my part, and he went on—“We shall meet again, my best love, in happier regions, where none of the frailties and errors attendant on humanity, shall bear us company—where our purified spirits shall hail each other, and rejoice in eternal happiness. Pardon the many causes of sorrow I have given you—pardon my faults; unkind, believe me, I have never intentionally been.”—“Oh!” exclaimed I, kneeling by the bedside, “I have never experienced an unkind or angry word; you have never given me a moment’s uneasiness since we were first united; if the Almighty would but spare you to my prayers, my whole life should be a continuation of thankfulness for this greatest of all blessings!”—“It will not be, my best girl,” replied he; “endeavour to exert your fortitude—we must part!”

The following day he grew much worse; and, in spite of every effort on our part to save him, he finally closed his eyes about six o’clock the succeeding morning. The suddenness of his death prevented my feeling, at first, the greatness of my loss; and it was long before I retained sufficient recollection to retrace these melancholy scenes for your perusal. At length, however, I awoke from this lethargy of the soul, to a more acute sensation of sorrow—the past again recurred to my mind’s eye.

“I could not but remember, such things were—  
And were most precious to me.”

AGAIN I take up my pen to reveal to my Clara the incidents of my past life; it was her cherub smiles which reconciled me to the world—which gave me, at once, agony and delight; she continually reminded me of her father—of my sweet children consigned to the grave; often have I wept over her when I reflected, that she had no longer a kind father to watch over her growing beauties, to foster her in his arms, to expand her talents, to cultivate, with assiduous care, her virtuous inclinations, to instruct her in the precepts of a religion at once holy, sublime, and beautiful. Figure to yourself, my child, my forlorn situation—deprived at the age of twenty-two, of every endearing connection in life, without fortune or friends, having an helpless innocent to support, on the scanty income arising from two thousand pounds—immersed in the gloom of retrospection, misery, and an intire solitude. I strove in vain to keep up my spirits; a variety of fears impressed my imagination; and, but for the charity of good Mr. Nelson, I knew not what would have become of me: he no sooner saw my state of mind, than he sent for his wife, who kindly insisted on me making part of the family. Here I once more experinced the attention of kindness and benevolence—here the oil of compassionate sympathy was again poured into the wounds of my heart; by them I was encouraged to look forwards with hope, and, in a short time, I became resigned to my loss; my heart felt for them the affection of a daughter, beyond the bounds of their mansion I had no wish to gratify. How often has the prattle of my darling chased the gloom of despondency—how has her progress in speech gladdened my fond heart? Ah! you were, from your infancy, the image of your father, which, though an occasional source of painful feeling, was oftener one of delight—for I flattered myself that my Clara would, with his person inherit his virtues.

I had resided more than twelve months with this worthy pair—yet they would not suffer me to mention my departure. “If,” said the kind Mrs. Nelson, as we one day sat together at work, “if my dear Mrs. Walsingham, you can find happiness in being with us, let us still enjoy the pleasure of your company. Ah why, my friend, should the cold maxims of prudence, and worldly policy, make those strangers to each other, whose kindred minds are united by stronger ties

than those of blood—what could affinity add to our affection for each other? I feel for you the tenderness of a mother—does not your own heart tell you the regret we should all feel at a separation? do not, then, I intreat you, mention in any more.”—A tear stole down her venerable cheek as she concluded—I pressed her hand in mine—my heart was too full to thank her—you, my Clara held up your little mouth to kiss her, saying, “Little Clara love every body, who love little Clara’s mamma.” She caught you in her arms, placed you on her knee, and inquired if you would like to leave her?—You answered, “Little Clara cry much, when she go way.” In a few months our solitude was interrupted by the presence of a nobleman of the name of Clanrick; his father had been the friend and patron of Mr. Nelson, and he came to make some stay with the worthy pastor; the melancholy impressed on his countenance interested me in his favour: his person was uncommonly pleasing; his manners gentle and insinuating; his fortune was not small; he was heir to another title, and a large estate, on the demise of his father; he was a man of understanding, had read much, and seen a great deal of what is generally called the world—yet his mind, from some singular events in his past life, was strongly tinctured with a sort of romantic enthusiasm, which marked all his actions; his attention to my child first spoke to my heart in his favour, as it convinced me of the amiable and generous qualities he possessed. I began to be pleased with his society, with his conversation. In a short time he professed himself my lover. My heart was for ever dead to the emotions of passion; but the esteem I felt for his many amiable qualities, the persuasions of my friends, together with the advantage I flattered myself his protection would be to my Clara, at length prevailed, and I consented to receive his addresses.—“I will not promise you,” said I, “that ardent affection which once constituted my happiness in the marriage state, but you shall ever experience from me the most animated and lively endeavours towards promoting your felicity; I promise you my esteem, which is built on the knowledge of your worth; gratitude for the kindness you evince towards my dear Clara, and the love you profess to feel for her unfortunate mother.—“And are not these sentiments,” cried he, “a thousand and a thousand times more lasting than the transient ebulli-



tions of passion? Ah! what bliss can equal a love

"By long experience mellow'd into friendship!"

"My Mary, I will not attempt to deceive you; I will not attempt to conceal from you, that I have formerly experienced its pleasures—alas! transient and fleeting; they only embittered subsequent disappointment!—to your gentle, your sympathising bosom—will I reveal those sorrows, which have long rankled in my own, and poisoned the vital source of existence:—yes, you are the chosen partner of my heart; the participator of its joys; will you not also be the kind consoler of its cares? Shall not our separate interests be henceforth united? Ah, my beloved Mary, they undoubtedly shall—you have permitted me to hope you will be mine; your Clara shall be my Clara also;—it shall be my care through life to guard her with paternal fondness; at its close, I will secure to her an easy independence."—I pressed his hand to my lips,—*"Generous Clanrick,"* cried I, *"I feel for thee this moment a sentiment far surpassing love; it can only cease with my existence; the greatest earthly care is removed from my mind; the anxious heart of maternal fondness will now sleep in security. Teach me, O, all bounteous Providence, a proper thankfulness for thy goodness! Teach me how to repay, to this best of men, his unmerited favour towards me!—Ah, Clanrick, if you, who are so uniformly noble and generous can fail to be happy, who can expect felicity on earth?"* Clanrick attempted to reply;—a tear glistened in his eye, which observing, I continued:—*"I intreat you not to awaken painful emotions; I wish not to gratify my own curiosity, at the expence of your feelings: that starting tear too well convinces me, that memory is not without its thorn."*—*"My dear Mrs. Walsingham,"* returned he, *"I am happy in having an opportunity of imparting to you my melancholy history; it is short but full of woe!—I was born at the seat of my father, Lord Newark, in the Carse of Gowry, which is situated near the town of Perth, in Scotland; myself and a twin brother were the only children of our parents: their affection for us was equal, it was almost unbounded; for, in us they rejoiced to behold the illustrious descendants of a noble lineage—in us, they expected to behold their family once more restored to its pristine splendour. My father was a man of severe and rigid character, who*

prided himself in nothing so much as the hereditary honours of his house:—my mother was his counterpart; each supported the other in a sort of unbending reserve, from which they thought it almost impossible to swerve without degradation. This spirit of pride was a source of much vexation to my brother and myself; for, both young and lively, we were constrained in their presence, to conduct ourselves with an hauteur which assimilated not with our natural characters. We were denied all intercourse with any inferior stations; consequently our acquaintance was very limited and confined, as we were circumscribed to a very narrow circle; and that, perhaps, not the most agreeable; it is not wonderful, that we longed for the arrival of that time which was to emancipate us from the rigid form of rank. When we had attained our eighteenth year, my father himself conducted us to Edinburgh, where he entered us both as students: my brother he meant to continue there some years; myself only till he should procure me some situation in the naval or military department. After having introduced us to some of his old friends, and given us repeated lectures, on keeping up the dignity of our house, he left us. It was during the college vacation, about twelve months after our entrance at the University, that we determined on making a tour, or voyage, round the Isles; and wishing to increase our party to the number of twenty, we made our scheme public, and soon enlisted about ten spirited young men, of our own age. We were bent on gratifying our curiosity, and resolutely determined to run every hazard in pursuit of novelty. We spent some time in sailing round the Isles; sometimes landing, and accompanying the fisherman in his toil; at others, dancing with the simple inhabitants, to the sound of their rustic music; and, not unfrequently, we cast anchor in some creek, or near a jutting promontory; and laid ourselves down to sleep, amid the ruins of an ancient fabric. I know not how long the excursion might have lasted, had not a fatal accident terminated it.—Alas! only myself of all the party returned to Edinburgh! One very beautiful morning (O God, I shall never forget it! the remembrance of the scenes which followed, even at this distant period, harrows up my soul!) we were tempted to embark from the Isle of Jona for Saffa, where we proposed landing, and dressing some fish, which we had procured the preceding day. After our repast was ended

we proposed going to Mull, where we intended to cast anchor for the night.

The day was unusually clear, not a transient cloud obscured the bright face of the sun; whose darting rays gave, if possible, increased magnificence to the sublime prospect which opened to our view; all nature appeared in harmonious concert to hail the return of Aurora: the soft rustling of the water, the distant sounds which reached us from the adjacent islands, the chorus of vocal music, with which nature's songsters greeted a new day, the myriads of fluttering sea birds, which darted from an amazing height to seize the scaly prey; all contributed to embellish a scene, to which the utmost labours of the painter would in vain attempt to do justice:—lofty rocks stood in natural colonnades of more than fifty feet high, as if supporting the land to which they adjoined; above were intermingled streaks of bituminous earth, stratas of rock, and huge masses of many-coloured granites; over these hung, as if threatening to destroy all who should have the temerity to approach too near their base, hill after hill, in almost ceaseless succession; the wild heath, the furze, the broom, and a few scattered shrubs, which occasionally enriched part of their summits, enlivened the browze with which they were in general tinted, and gave them an appearance of verdure and fertility, which would otherwise have been wanting; on each side stretched out other colonnades as far as the eye could reach, while the clear azure of an unclouded sky peeped over the whole, and gave to the distant perspective a cerulean tinge. It was a scene of which language can convey but a faint idea; it was the work of a Divine Architect, which had endured for ages, and which shall continue to endure, when the boasted labour of man shall, like its founder, moulder and decay! It was a scene which carried the mind beyond the regions of mortality; for it reminded us that the hand which had raised all this, was the same which had promised to re-unite and reanimate the soul of man; the same which had given us life—which had promised us a hereafter of immortality! Behind us was the Isle of Jona, which appeared scarcely elevated above the water, covered with the ruins of a town, and the remnants of buildings, once sacred to religious professions; between little hillocks, which stretched behind them, for they could scarcely be denominated more, were a variety of verdant hollows, while the sea banks were almost covered with the purple blossoms of the bugloss.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY

In August, 1804 ;

OR,

HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,

ON

HAPPINESS.

(continued)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla,	Juvenia,	Lucinda,	Vanessa,
Olivia,	Marianna,	Cecilia,	Celestina.

SCENE—Banks of the Schuylkill :—TIME—Mid-day

OLIVIA.

KNOWING, Rurilla, that your heart is good,  
You'll pardon my reply :—nor think me rude,  
If I presume, with freedom, to express  
My different sentiments of Happiness.

Your fine imagination I admire :  
You touch, with skill, the Poet's tuneful lyre ;  
With graceful hand, the Painter's pencil hold ;  
With winning beauties Solitude unfold ;  
And give Retirement such attractive charms,  
All seem solicitous to seek her arms.  
I grant, that wond'rous is your magic pow'r—  
Yet, you on theoretic pinions soar.  
And, while you Fancy's airy flights pursue,  
Nature is never present to your view :  
Or, if she be, you careless pass her by,  
T' indulge imagination's luxury.

But, is it necessary to degrade  
The splendid City, arbitress of trade,  
And all the blessings she bestows despise,  
To raise your fancy-fav'rite to the skies ?  
Truth, dear Rurilla, needs no aid from art,  
To find its way to, and win ev'ry heart :  
Let her but shine, in her own native light,  
And all your glittering tinsel fades in night ;  
Let her but speak,—and her sweet voice, so blest,  
Will charm your borrow'd notes to silent rest.  
She'll tell you why the rural prospect glows  
With beauties that the City seldom knows :  
Because these scenes both new and varied are,  
And you come from the City free from care ;  
For, so we're fashioned, that life's highest zest,  
Was from Variety, by all confess'd.  
Whence, pray, do Country meads draw all their  
sweets,

But from a contrast with the City streets ?  
Whence does this breeze derive reviving air,  
But from like contrast with the breeze that's there ?  
Whence will succeed your beauteous morns and eves,  
But from the opposite views the City gives ?  
Whence will your peaceful, balmy slumbers rise,  
But from exemption from the City's noise,  
And relaxation from the cares and strife  
Connected with the scenes of busy life ?  
In short, whence does the Country pleasures own,  
But from a quick transition from the Town ?—  
Exchanging suddenly the noise and heat,  
For cooling breezes, and a calm retreat ;  
And still anticipating that blest hour,  
Which to the Town shall you again restore :  
When, by a contra-t quite as justly made,  
On the pall'd sense the Country's charms shall fade ;  
And all its beauties, you so finely trace,  
To horrid, wild deformities give place.

My friend, believe me, had you never known  
The heat, the noise, the bustle of the Town,  
You had not thus a hasty preference made  
Of Solitude and calm Retirement's shade ;  
The Country had not half so pleasing been,  
For half its charms are but in fancy seen ;  
And, 'tis by contrast and comparison,  
True loveliness, like happiness, is known.  
And, were you destin'd always to be here,  
These scenes would not these beauties always wear.  
The self same objects, ever in your view,  
Would gradual lose the charm of being new ;  
Enjoyment of all sweets, without alloy,  
The sated appetite at last would cloy ;  
Soon after, loathing and disgust succeed,  
And ev'ry beauty, ev'ry taste be dead :  
Because, the soul of life, Variety  
And Novelty, would from you ever fly ;  
For repetition, ev'n of bliss, destroys  
Our highest relish for our highest joys.

Rurilla, you remember, when you took  
At rural prospects but a partial look,  
Beauty each object, music was each sound,  
Nature was gay ; Creation smiled around.  
Further description went not,—to mark down  
The sickly Autumn ; grisly Winter's frown ;  
The howling storm,—sleet,—snow and driving rain,  
Destin'd to de'state the now flow'ry plain.  
Now had your happy talent onward led,  
To paint the joys we prove when yours are fled,  
Then would the contrast for the Town decide,  
And all the Country's air-drawn bliss deride !  
All that is good, desirable, or sweet,  
All that can render human bliss complete,  
The City boasts, in still-successive train,  
From morn till night, from night till morn again :  
Books, conversation, business, neighbours, friends—  
These share our hours altern, and make amends—  
More than amends—for what you rate so high,  
The bliss of gazing on a summer sky,  
While nature's varied carpet spreads the ground,  
And more than Eden-fragrance breathes around ;  
Or, straying pearl-bespangled meads among ;  
Or, list'ning to the feather'd warblers' song ;  
Or tracing Schuylkill's borders edg'd with flow'rs ;  
Or soft reclining in the breezy bow'rs :  
At morn, at noon, at eve, or when the moon  
Shines in full splendor from her rolling throne.  
Gay scenes, like these, may pleasure for a while ;  
But short their stay, and transient is their smile :  
And, during half the circling year, the plain  
Is left in mourning, till they come again.  
But, most in winter does the Country mourn,  
Black, comfortless, waste, dreary and forlorn :  
Then clouds and tempests wars eternal wage ;  
Fierce elemental conflicts ceaseless rage ;  
Keen piercing frost locks up the farmer's door,  
Or floods burst on his cot, and dash and roar,  
Threat'ning with ruin, whelming in dismay,  
Or sweeping from the fields his little all away.  
At such dread season, view the happier fate  
Of those who in the City fix their state ;  
Screen'd from the beating rain, the freezing blast,  
The raging storm, their time in bliss is past.  
Warm in their veins, life's healthful currents flow ;  
Warm in their minds, congenial spirits glow ;  
Friendship and sweet society unite ;  
Ev'ry returning eve gives new delight ;  
And when sleep calls, they sink to balmy rest,  
With safety, ease and comfort, richly blest.  
Each state of life has (sure you must allow)  
Its inconvenience and convenience too ;  
And, did we strict examine, we should find,  
Nearly an equal lot have all mankind.  
The charms that rural scenes in Summer boast,  
Are all in Winter's dreary season lost ;  
And if the City have in Summer none,  
In Winter all life's blessings are her own.

I, therefore, by the contrast you decline,  
Shew you the greater happiness is mine,  
Who in the City always wish to live,  
Where all conspires the highest bliss to give ;  
Where, wafted from earth's far-extended shores,  
Trade brings his gifts, and various treasures pours ;  
Where all, as by one tie of kindred bound,  
Join in the social circles all around ;  
Where plenty, peace, and pleasure crown our toil,  
And beauty, love, and friendship sweetly smile.

(to be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. V.

ON MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

HUMAN nature is evidently endow-  
ed with a variety of appetites and desires,  
adapted to the various objects which are  
capable of supplying its wants, or of fur-  
nishing it with pleasures. The body  
stands in need of constant support, which  
is not to be procured without considera-  
ble art and labour. This art and labour  
must be greatly increased, if not only the  
necessaries, but also the conveniences  
and elegancies of life are desired, and the  
refinements of sense considered as ob-  
jects of pursuit. The senses are not on-  
ly inlets of pleasures merely corporeal,  
but of others also of a more refined and  
delicate kind, of which the mind under  
the influences of fancy, is the chief per-  
cipient. Hence they open a very exten-  
sive field of human enjoyment, and claim  
the whole compass of nature to adminis-  
ter materials for the fine arts. The mind  
of man is eagerly desirous of knowledge,  
and wishes to discover the relations, the  
causes and the effects, of the various ob-  
jects that are presented to it. Not only  
corporeal wants and appetites, the senses  
of beauty, of harmony, and of magnifi-  
cence, and the love of knowledge, subject  
man to necessities, which must be suppli-  
ed, or offer to him pleasures which he  
cannot but desire ; he is also actuated by  
various affections, some selfish and some  
benevolent, which serve as constant spurs  
to action, and impel him into various  
tracks, according to the different com-  
plexions of their objects.

Such is the nature of man ; and from  
what has been said above, as well as from  
other considerations on which I shall  
slightly touch, it is evident, that each in-  
dividual is insufficient, not only for his  
own perfection, but even for the supply  
of his urgent necessities. The other  
animals are by nature provided with de-  
fence and covering, with subsistence and



shelter. They soon attain the full vigour and the complete exercise of their powers, and, without instruction or succour, can apply them with certainty to their respective ends. But man, as he enters into the world naked, defenceless, and unprovided with subsistence, so, without the assistance and co-operation of his species, he must ever remain in the most abject and comfortless condition. The inclemency of the seasons, the sterility of the earth, the ferocity of savage animals, his natural imbecility, oppose to his comfortable existence so many and so powerful obstacles, as he could never expect of himself to surmount. He is assailed by evils which he cannot repel, subject to wants which he cannot supply, and surrounded by objects which he cannot, by his own strength, convert to his use. Destined for society, he is immediately thrown on its care, and bound by his own weakness, to contribute to its strength. Designed to form the most intimate union with his fellow men, he is constituted miserable and destitute without them; but, constrained by this circumstance, to join his efforts to theirs, he derives the most astonishing acquired power from his natural imbecility. Furnished with capacities greatly superior to instinct, he at first exercises them in a manner greatly below it; and formed for infinite improvement, he proceeds from the smallest beginnings; but can neither begin nor proceed without the co-operation of his fellow men.

What multiplication of ingenuity, what combination of industry, what concurrence of different abilities, are requisite not only to carry to perfection, but even to invent and exercise, with any tolerable degree of dexterity, those mechanical arts and employments, which exalt the citizen above the savage, which sweeten and embellish social life, which furnish all that variety of convenience and pleasure we daily behold and enjoy and which, from the most helpless of the animal creation, render man the lord of the world. Will the forest be felled and moulded into furniture, the quarry be dug and polished into materials for building, the marsh drained and converted into arable land, the overflowed river confined to its proper channel, the inferior creatures constrained to succour human weakness by their superior strength, or their spoils be manufactured into clothing; will the superfluities of one country supply the deficiencies of another, and navigation unite the most distant regions

by the mutual and permanent ties of beneficial commerce; will all this, and much more, which I forbear to enumerate, be accomplished without the united and justly regulated efforts of the human species, and the equal application of the talents of each to the common interest? Will the secret springs of nature be explored, and the laws, which she observes through all her different provinces, be investigated unless time and opportunity are furnished to the acute and the ingenious, by means of a commodious subsistence provided for them, by the labour and industry of those whose faculties are less refined and exalted?

Thus it appears that, as each individual is totally, insufficient for his own happiness, so he must depend, in a great measure, on the assistance of others for its attainment; and that however much any one may contribute to the benefit of his fellow men, by the excellence and splendour of his abilities, whether natural or acquired, he derives from them as much as he can bestow, and frequently much more than he gives.

If the union of all, then, be necessary for the sustenance, the convenience and the happiness of each individual, and each individual can, in his turn, contribute considerably to the common welfare, it follows, as a necessary consequence of this determination of nature, that order and subordination must be introduced, by which the different members of the community may have their proper tasks allotted to them, the talents of each be directed to their proper objects, injustice and violence be restrained, and as great a sum of common felicity be produced, as the condition of humanity will permit. Hence, new channels are cut out for abilities, namely, those which are exercised in offices of power and authority. As reason, however, loudly dictates the institution of these for the common good of the human race; so she requires that they fall to the lot of those who are qualified to discharge them. When this actually takes place, the order of nature is observed, and all its happy consequences ensue. When this order is overturned, and the different departments of society, but especially those of the highest dignity and use, are committed to such as are incapable of discharging the duties of them, all the dismal effects of folly, injustice, and confusion, are spread through the whole of the social frame, and the evils of that inequality, which the cor-

ruption and blindness of mankind have introduced, are severely felt. When the talents and merits of men are allowed their free course, are permitted a fair field for their exercise, and are not deprived of those rewards which are by nature annexed to them, there never can be any ground to complain of inequality among men. For, however unequal their abilities and opportunities may be in themselves, the most perfect equality exists in the distribution of the rewards and advantages annexed to each by the constitution of nature. The good effects of universal industry, and the proper application of the powers of every individual, so as to produce the greatest good upon the whole, are then felt through all the social body. Every person possesses that degree of wealth, of consideration, and of honour, to which he is entitled by his honest industry, or by his services to the public. The active and noble minded exert all their powers for the common welfare, in the most efficacious and illustrious manner. The indolent and selfish are constrained, by the indigence and contempt into which they must otherwise fall, to contribute their share to it. But, when power and riches are employed to frustrate virtue of the respect, which is its due, abilities, of the distinction and influence which they justly claim, and honest industry, of its natural fruits, a most shocking *inequality* takes place, which can only subsist in conjunction with the most odious tyranny. In proportion as this oppression prevails, which throws the principal advantages of society into the hands of a few, by no means the most respectable of its members, and renders it a patrimony and inheritance, of which they may dispose at pleasure, society is corrupted and miserable. In proportion as that equality is maintained, which the Creator has established, and which consists, not in all the members of the social body being placed on a level, but in mutual dependence and parity of obligation among all, amidst a variety of distinctions, conditions, and ranks, society is happy, free, and flourishing, securing to each individual the full enjoyment of all his natural advantages, ensuring to the public the complete product of the efforts of all well directed and justly combined; uniting all the members of the social body by the ties of mutual interest and benevolence, and preserving as much liberty as is consistent with civil union.

In such a happy state of things, whatever forms of subordination may exist, as

\* See Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Book 1.

there is a mutual dependence among all the parts of the social body ; so there is not the smallest ground for pride and insolence, on the one hand, or for degradation and debasement of sentiment, on the other. Are any exalted above others by the superiority of their mental powers, they are inferior to them in other qualities, which are absolutely necessary to the support and convenience of life. If one excels in useful qualities, another is distinguished by agreeable and shining ones ; and, as pleasure without utility, is pernicious, so utility, without pleasure, becomes languid and insipid. If one is exalted to power, or illustrious by fame those who faithfully discharge the duties of an humble and obscure station, enable him to fulfill the duties of his more conspicuous one, and contribute to his exaltation, by occupying those parts of the general system, without which the higher orders could not subsist, and by paying him that deference and respect to which his merit is intitled. If one is eminent by his wisdom and sagacity, by his genius and wit, by his knowledge and erudition ; another is no less distinguished by his activity and strength, by his skill and dexterity, by his industry and labour. If one is venerable by his elevation of soul, by his generosity, public spirit, and intrepidity ; another is amiable by his gentleness and complaisance, by his patience, modesty, and meekness ; and, if the former qualities are the ornaments, the latter are the sweeteners, of life, while both, operating in conjunction, supply mutual defects, and impart mutual strength and embellishment. If those who fill the higher stations in a becoming manner, confer the greatest benefits on their fellow men, they are equally indebted to them for their support. If the latter stand in need of the judgment and penetration of the former ; in order to devise the best plans of prosecuting the public good, and of maintaining the general safety ; these, again, stand in need of their resolution and diligence to carry their plans into execution. If some contribute to the instruction and improvement of their fellow men, by teaching and illustrating the grand principles of virtue, on which the welfare of society is principally founded, those who enjoy the benefit of their instructions, turn them to their profit, by practising towards them the virtues which they inculcate. If one class of men maintain good order and peace, and another exercise all the elegant and useful arts of social life, there

are others who secure these enjoyments and advantages against external invasion, and offer their blood as their contribution to the common interest.

As, in the human body, therefore the welfare of the whole depends upon that of each individual member, and that again is necessarily affected by whatever affects the whole system ; and there is thus a mutual dependence and sympathy among all the parts ; so, in society, every individual having a particular portion of talents, and, if properly placed, a particular station, conformable to this, allotted to him, becomes necessary to the welfare of the whole community, and as he affects, is likewise affected by, its prosperity or detriment. All are united by mutual dependence and support : Break but one link of the chain, and the rest are of no use, or, at least, are deprived of much advantage and comfort, which is enjoyed when the social series is complete.

Nor ought it to be alledged, that many of those wants, which cannot be supplied but in society, are not the wants of nature but are merely adventitious, and generated in that society, the necessity of which they are produced to prove. We readily grant that, in refined and highly polished states of civilized life, where luxury has universally diffused its effeminating influence, many wants and desires are generated, which are not only not agreeable to nature, but repugnant to human perfection and felicity. Let it however be observed, that this pernicious tendency to human happiness begins by loosening those ties which knit men most firmly together. It is selfish, not social, enjoyments which are most adverse to human perfection, and man begins to injure his own happiness, by separating it from the general good. It is undoubted that all the original powers of human nature are carried to the highest perfection in society, and droop and languish in solitude. That state, surely, which is most perfective of every human faculty, is the most *natural*, and it is only by the strangest perversion of terms and ideas that the contrary can be asserted. But the perfection of the social state cannot be attained, without the mutual dependence of mankind, in that extensive sense in which I have exhibited it. That dependence is, therefore, founded in the constitution of nature itself.

The more silly and ridiculous things are in themselves, the more solemn pretences they require to set them off.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### CONTENTMENT.

A MIND that can be contented under misfortunes, is greatly superior to one that is given to repining. Habitual acquiescence, is somewhat uncommon, altho' such a state of the intellectual faculties is certainly advantageous. Of such a happy disposition, I lately observed an instance a little remarkable.

A friend of mine who is a philosopher, having been deeply engaged in the invention of a machine for the advantage of manual labour, which ultimately failed, he expressed his satisfaction : for, said he I think as a certain old fiddler who used to play for amusement when he was out of business, " 'Tis as it is, 'tis as it was." &c.

E.

### EMBLEM OF A LAW-CASE.

WILLIAM, having received a letter from Sarah, written by Charles, shewed the same to Roger : who, upon perusal, said he wondered, that Richard should be so indiscreet as to quarrel with James about Abigail, who was so extremely ugly, and consequently shocking : Because that Edward had refused, though asked, to go to the play with Catharine. Whereupon Philip falling into a passion with Titus, swore that he would be revenged on Patrick ; and therefore called Thomas rogue, rascal, &c. Stephen, who 'tis thought was an eye-witness to the abuse, and being Christopher's friend, slyly tripped up Rowland's heels, and broke Jeremiah's head. Cuthbert on this drew his dagger at Edmund : and Archibald trembling with much ado recovered his fright : reassumed his natural intrepidity ; and in a cold sweat, snatched Gilbert's pistol from Lawrence, and cocked his blunderbuss at Paul.—Whereat John being amazed, secretly advised Samuel to apply to Leonard, with the help of George, privately to make an affidavit against Arthur, to take out a writ against Henry and Rachel, at the suit of Timothy, executor of the last will and testament of Jacob. But Peter objected to that wisely alledging, that Robert, being sick, had sent word to David, who was married to Hannah, to desire Jeffrey, who had been taken in bed with Mark's wife, to send his grandson Ralph to his cousin Bridget, earnestly to intreat his nephew Joshua, to go along with his brother Frank, to make up the matter amica-



bly with his aunt Susan. But she refused to go with Jack; yet nevertheless recommended Frederick and Humphrey to Andrew, Simon, and Luke; who after a long and grave consultation, ordered the music to play brisker, and then went unanimously to Bartholomew. So that having drank plentifully at Ned's till they were all intoxicated, having nothing to pay the shot with, they drew their swords at Dick, the landlord, stabbed Robin, fell upon Lancelot, lamed Isaac, and had it not been for Solomon, had slain Cornelius. Thereupon Nat rushed forward, and swearing at Marmaduke, who had been asleep all the time in Sally's lap, so incensed Walter and Martin, that Miles and Zachariah, without any regard to Matthew, threw bottles, glasses, &c. at one another's heads. At which Abraham, who was Moll's bully, being enraged, took Benjamin civilly by the throat; kicked Theophilus gently down stairs; picked Abel's pocket, while he was making his addresses to Nell; and at the same time, in the highest fury imaginable, smiling calmly, sent Barnaby, Toby and Giles to the round house. At which Anthony, half drunk, soberly started up; and having first reeled two or three times round the room, put on an important wise look, made a fine speech, not to purpose, and then asked what was the matter. Whereupon Bryan in a loud voice loudly whispered Aaron; and perceiving that Alexander was strangely astonished at their silence noise, told Francis, that his great-grandfather Joseph was dead. At which unexpected news, Nicholas awakened, and being in an ill humor, writ a soft love-song, whistled an opera air; and then withdrew to a neighboring ale-house, to drink a dish of chocolate with Dudley.—Which exasperated Job in such a surprising manner, that none of the company wondered at it: only indeed, Valentine, in the height of his resentment, could not forbear going to hang himself.—However, Allan run undesignedly to the goal, in order to let out the aforesaid prisoners; and having, without any noise, broken open the doors, freed Gerrard, Margaret and Betty; who, being apprehended at King's by the timely assistance of Bernard, were carried next morning before Hugh Noodle, Esq. a trading justice, in St. Giles's and upon paying a shilling a piece, the whole affair was happily determined. Which is the most exact account that can be given thereof, by

Your Humble Servant,  
OLIVER PUZZLE-CAUSE.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

*Of a celebrated Preacher in Paris, known by the name of LITTLE FATHER ANDREW.*

A QUICK presence of mind often rescues a man from any gross mistake, into which he may have unavoidably plunged; as for instance—The little doctor being to preach one day in the church of his convent, in order that no part of his time should go by unoccupied, during the prayers, previous to the sermon, he was playing a game at cards in his room with an intimate; but the bell ringing for him to mount the pulpit, just as they were in a warm debate about the hands they held, he said, he could not then stay to decide the matter, therefore tucked both up in the sleeve of his gown, for a fair discussion of the matter after sermon.

The subject of his discourse was, the immorality of the times, the two great indulgence of dangerous passions, and particularly of gaming, against which he inveighed with all the warmth and all the zeal he was master of; and both which he could affect to an amazing degree. But when carried away by the torrent of his declamation, on finding the people very attentive to him, he raised up his hands to heaven, to intercede for them, down from his sleeve, that had been somehow loosened by the vehemence of his gesticulation, fell the two hands of cards; which incident made some people look with a pious concern.

The little doctor, whilst others burst into a violent fit of laughter, stunned for a moment at so unexpected a disaster in the midst of a sermon that had gone on efficaciously, bethought him on a sudden of a stratagem, as he espied a young child not far from the pulpit: he beckoned to it, saying, "Come hither, my dear, gather up those cards, laying on the ground, and bring them to me," which the child did; he then asked the name of each card, which the young one accurately told; he next questioned it about the catechism, of which the almost infant was entirely ignorant. Little Andrew dismissed the child, and looking around the audience, with an air of indignation (secretly triumphing in his heart at the same time) he cried aloud, "Wicked fathers and mothers, is not this a scandalous, and a most flagrant proof of what I have advanced, that in this abandoned, this impious age, nothing is thought of but gambling?—Here is almost an infant that completely knows every card in the pack, is thoroughly learned in the Devil's

book, yet is so absolutely ignorant of the book of his salvation! What early sacrifices do you make of the young hearts of your children to the prince of darkness! Ye more than parricide parents! ye betrayers of their precious souls to a miserable eternity!"—He kindled so fast, and fired upon the people so vehemently, that it alarmed the very faculty; and made them depart fully convinced, that what was in itself an unlucky accident, had been a powerful premeditated scheme of the preacher, to rebuke their dissoluteness, and bring them to repentance.—In some years after he divulged how the fact really happened.

Philadel<sup>a</sup>, Nov. 10, 1804.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

SOMETIME since, a correspondent in your paper, over the signature of "a Traveller," promised a translation of some elegiac lines on the death of Gen. Irwin, as he has not yet fulfilled that promise, and the volume being nearly at a close, I beg leave thus to remind him of it.

X.

OTAHEITE.

Intelligence is received by the London Missionary Society from the missionaries at Otaheite, brought by a vessel named the Dart, which is arrived in the river. Pomarra, the king, died while the Dart lay at the island; he went on a visit in a canoe to the ship, but as he came along side of the vessel he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and shortly after expired. In him the missionaries have lost a good friend; but it appears that they are under no apprehension for their safety, as the successor to the throne has given them assurance of protection. We cannot give a good account of the success of the missionaries. Such is the result of the depravity practised in the island, that the number of the inhabitants is reduced to 7000!

MARRIED—On the 30th ult. by the Rev. William Price, Capt. Robert Taggart, of this City, to Miss Mary Israel, daughter of Joseph Israel, Esq. of the State of Delaware.

—On Thursday evening 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Ezekiel Jackson, to Miss Mary M'Leod, both of Southwark.

—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. William Steel, merchant, to Miss Sarah Goddard, all of this city.

To Correspondents.

It is hoped the "Scribbler" has not yet terminated his series of interesting numbers.

The Editor, with many of his readers, would be highly gratified if "Adelio" would appear oftener in the Temple of the Muses, he is certainly a welcome visitor.

"Horidus's" verses are calculated to frighten children, and as the Editor is confident many of his readers are parents, he wishes not to risk his interest by their publication, especially as they have no better recommendation.

## Temple of the Muses.

### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

(From the Rev. Mr. Logan's Poems.)

"THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!  
When now thy waves his body cover!  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promis'd me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promis'd me a little page,  
To 'squire me to his father's towers;  
He promis'd me a wedding ring—  
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

"Sweet were the words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarcely he was gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wrath ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

"His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The greenwood path to meet her brother:  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

"No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."  
The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

From the Repository.

### THE PHILOSOPHICAL FARMER.

Translated from the Italian.

THERE lived a gentleman whose head  
Was full of philosophic notions,  
Who had ten thousand volumes read,  
Which filled his mind with strange emotions.  
He own'd a very large estate,  
Whose annual crops were rich and great,  
To farmer *Ralph* he sent one day,  
Who came with all precipitation,  
"*Ralph*, I intend to change my way,  
"And former mode of cultivation;  
"To weeds and tares no more a foe,  
"I mean to let them thrive and grow.

"No argument can I discern,  
"Against poor weeds for force employing,  
"The darnel cockle weed, and fern  
"Henceforth, good *Ralph*, forbear destroying;  
"Free let them rise midst rival grain,  
"And taste the blessings of the plain!"

*Ralph* scratch'd his head, and gaped with wonder  
Alack-a-day! Sir, why this change?  
"Fool," cries his Lord, with voice of thunder,  
"Why should your numskull think it strange?  
"To root up weeds there is no reason,  
"Against the rights of plants 'tis treason.

"Each has an equal right to live,  
"To which its life kind nature yields,  
"And why should wheat and barley thrive,  
"Despotic tyrants of the field?  
"The smallest blade by man that dies  
"Draws tears from philosophic eyes."

*Ralph* scraped obedience and departed,  
Much wond'ring at his Lord's conceit,  
The weeds uncull'd, in thousands started,  
And choked the barley, corn and wheat  
The harvest realized *Ralph's* fears,  
Yielding but few and barren ears.

Away flies *Ralph* and tells his master,  
That all his granaries empty lay;  
"And whence, cries he, this dire disaster,  
"Have tempests swept my crops away?"  
"No, please your worship—no," quoth he  
"Twas—what you call'd philosophy."

### SUCH THINGS WERE.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,  
Though sadly I your charms survey;  
I once was wont to linger here,  
From early dawn to closing day.  
Scenes of my youth! pale sorrow flings  
A shade o'er all your beauties now,

And robs the moments of their wings,  
That scatter pleasure as they flow,  
While to heighten ev'ry care,  
Reflection tells me—Such things were.

'Twas here a tender father strove  
To keep my happiness in view;  
I smil'd beneath a mother's love,  
Who soft compassion ever knew,  
In them the virtues all combin'd,  
On them I could with faith rely,  
To them my heart and soul were join'd,  
By mild affection's primal tie;  
Who smile in heav'n exempt from care,  
Whilst I remember—Such things were.

'Twas here, where calm and tranquil rest  
O'er pays the peasant for his toil,  
That first in blessing I was blest  
With glowing friendship's open smile.  
My friend far distant doom'd to roam,  
Now braves the fury of the seas;  
He fled his peaceful, happy home,  
His little fortune to increase;  
While bleeds afresh the wound of care,  
When I remember—Such things were.

'Twas here, e'en in this bloomy grove  
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,  
Who blushing own'd a mutual love,  
And sigh'd responsive in my arms.  
Though hard the soul conflicting strife,  
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore  
Far from my sight the charms of life,  
The lovely maid whom I adore:  
'Twould ease my soul of all my care,  
Could I forget that—Such things were.

Here first I saw the morn appear  
Of guiltless pleasure's shining day;  
I met the dazzling brightness here,  
Here mark'd the soft declining ray,  
Behold the skies, whose streaming light,  
Gave splendor to the parting sun,  
Now lost in sorrow's sable night,  
And all their mingled glories gone!  
Till death in pity end my care,  
I must remember—Such things were.

### HOPE.

HOPE, heaven-born Cherub still appears,  
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower:  
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,  
And is the *Rainbow* of the Shower!

### TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents  
for every 4 numbers...to those who pay in advance  
3 dollars per vol.